

CD 2011--50



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

2010-11 SEASON

Friday, March 4, 2011  
7:30 pm. Walter Hall

**gamUT ensemble**

Norbert Palej, director  
Constantine Caravassilis, assistant conductor  
Adam Scime, composer-in-residence

**PROGRAM**

1. **John Beckwith (b. 1927)** *Five Lyrics of the Tang Dynasty*  
The Staircase of Jade  
The Limpid River  
The Inlaid Harp  
On a Rainy Night  
Parting at the Wine-shop  
Leslie Bickle, soprano
2. **Grazyna Bacewicz (1909-1969)** *Trio for Oboe, Harp and Percussion*  
Second Movement
3. **Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)** *Lachrymae*
4. **Witold Lutosławski (1913-1994)** *Paganini Variations*
5. **Galina Ustvolskaya (1919-2006)** *Symphony No. 4*  
Marta Herman, soprano
6. **Adam Scime (b. 1982)** *After the Riot. Three Short Movements for Flute, Double Bass and Piano \**
7. **Jonathan Harvey (b. 1939)** *Vajra* (Commissioned by the Michael and Sonja Koerner Distinguished Visiting Composer at the University of Toronto fund)\*

\* *World Premiere*



## gamUT ensemble

Leslie Bickle, soprano  
Marta Herman, soprano  
Ina Henning, accordion  
Tristan Durie, flute  
Emily Willmon, oboe  
Mike Dassios, clarinet

Sheba Thibideau, bassoon  
Kieran Anson-Cartwright, trumpet  
Jonathan Smith, percussion  
Veronique Drozd, harp  
Jialiang Zhu, piano  
Saman Shahi, piano

Wesley Shen, piano  
Coco Chen, violin  
Linnea Thacker, violin  
Alexander McLeod, viola  
Rachel Gauntlett, cello  
Adam Scime, double bass

## TEXTS

### *Five Lyrics of the T'ang Dynasty - John Beckwith* (Poems from "The Jade Mountain" by Witter Bynner)

#### 1. The Staircase of Jade

Her jade-white staircase is cold with dew;  
Her silk soles are wet, she lingered there so long  
Behind her closed casement, why is she still waiting,  
Watching through its crystal pane  
the glow of the autumn moon?  
-Li Po (699-762)

#### 2. The Limpid River

The limpid river, past its bushes  
Running slowly as my chariot  
Becomes a fellow voyager  
Returning home with the evening birds.  
A ruined city-wall overtops an old ferry,  
Autumn sunset floods the peaks.  
Far away, beside Mount Sung,  
I shall close my door and be at peace.  
-Wang Wei (699-759)

#### 3. The Inlaid Harp

I wonder why my inlaid harp has fifty strings,  
Each with its flower-like fret an interval of youth.  
The sage Chuang-tzu is day-dreaming,  
Bewitched by butterflies  
The spring-heart of Emperor Wang is crying in a cuckoo,  
Mermen weep their pearly tears down a moon-green sea  
Blue fields are breathing their jade to the sun  
And a moment that ought to have lasted for ever  
Has come and gone before I knew.  
-Li Shang-Yin (813-858)

#### 4. On a Rainy Night

You ask me when I am coming. I do not know.  
I dream of your mountains and autumn pools  
brimming all night with the rain.  
Oh, when shall we be trimming wicks again,  
Together in your western window?  
When shall I be hearing your voice again,  
all night in the rain?  
-Li Shang-Yin (813-858)

#### 5. Parting at a Wine-Shop

A wind, bringing willow-cotton, sweetens the shop,

And a girl from Wu, pouring wine, urges me to share it  
With my comrades of the city who are here to see me off;  
And as each of them drains his cup, I say to him in parting,  
O, go and ask this river running to the east  
If it can travel farther than a friend's love!  
-Li Po (699-762)

### *Lachrymae - Benjamin Britten*

(Poem by John Dowland)

If my complaints could passions move,  
Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong:  
My passions were enough to prove,  
That my despairs had govern'd me too long.  
O Love, I live and die in thee,  
Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:  
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me,  
My heart for thy unkindness breaks:  
Yet thou dost hope when I despair,  
And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.  
Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,  
Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.

Can Love be rich, and yet I want?  
Is Love my judge, and yet I am condemn'd?  
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant:  
Thou made a God, and yet thy power contemn'd.  
That I do live, it is thy power:  
That I desire it is thy worth:  
If Love doth make men's lives too sour,  
Let me not love, nor live henceforth.  
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,  
That you that of my fall may hearers be  
May here despair, which truly saith,  
I was more true to Love than Love to me

### *Symphony No. 4 - Galina Ustvolskaya*

(Taken from the anthology "Monuments of Mediaeval Latin Literature of the 10th-12th Centuries" [Moscow, 1972])

Strong God,  
True Lord,  
Father of Eternal Life  
Creator of the World,  
Jesus the Messiah,  
Rescue Us!